Philosophical Observations

By BYRON WILLIAMS.

"Long stood the sunkie youth oppress'd with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw
Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's law."
—Dryden.

The Greenhorn in Chicago.

The greenhorn was timid when he left the great station. He had a place to go, but he didn't know how to get there. He realized in a vague sort of way that a policeman might tell him, but surely a cab would take him there. The street car would have cost him 5 cents; the cab cost him $2. The greenhorn in Chicago always spends his money this way. Ignorance of conditions and locations costs money. He was left at the elevated loop and inquired his way at the window, while the crowd fumed at his heels to get past him. When he laid down his nickel he said to the woman, "Ticket, please." She took his coin with a swoop and rung it up, and while he was waiting for the ticket the mad crowd caught him and hurled him onto the platform. "Do I take the train going this way or that way to get to Sheridan Park?" he asked of a man who was too busy to answer.

"They only go one way," laughed a second individual who was kind enough to notice his predicament. Once more the crowd pushed him, this time inside the car. It was crowded and he fell over seventeen pairs of feet and landed in a fat lady's lap as the elevated train swung around a snake curve. He apologized, his face very red and his body in a very awkward poise. Then he noted the straps and caught one, where he hung with a stalwart grip as the curves lashed him like a string in the wind. He expected every minute to hear the conductor coming to put him off because he had no ticket, and he wondered if he hadn't already passed his station. He let go of the strap to walk to the end of the car and ask the guard, and stepped on an average citizen's corns. The average citizen swore softly and continued to read his paper. The greenhorn took to the platform after that, and set his grips down on the opposite side from where the gates opened last. At the next stop the gates opened on his side and he blocked traffic while he moved again. He was woefully uncomfortable as it was, but when the gate swung open unexpectedly at the next stop and hit him on the nose, he was ready to quit the maddening mart forever—if he ever got off that train. He heard the guards calling out, "Local train! Local train!" "Express train!" "Split express!" and other things he did not understand and he gave up all hope of ever reaching his destination. It was a maelstrom of pandemonium, and then some. He wished himself back in Niles Corners for the hundredth time.

There was a visible relief when he reached the station which the guard assured him was where he wanted to go. He didn't know; he had forgotten. By the dim light of a street lamp he brought out the paper on which was the address he sought. Then he began to wonder which way to start. He asked a boy who didn't know, a man who was a stranger in the neighborhood, and a suburbanite who told him in a general way to go south and then east. He knew which way straight up was, and he was almost prepared to go that way, but as for north and south, he was in a quandary. It was growing dark and he must find that number. He set out by instinct, much like a carrier pigeon returns to its nest, and walked until he was tired. Then a policeman set him right and he found the number. He rapped and nobody came to the door. It was a big stone place and he wondered if his friends owned it all. He rapped again. Then he noticed a card with their name in the hallway and he rang the bell. Still nobody came. He heard a faint voice ask who was there and it sounded sepulchral, as though it came from the uttermost recesses of the earth. Could his friends live in the basement? He rang again and at last a maid came down the stairway and asked him through the closed glass door what he wanted. He told her and she went back up stairs. He was just getting ready to leave in disgust when his friend hove in sight, grasped him by the hand and cried:

"Why didn't you answer the tube, Hank? The women folks are afraid of burglars, you know."

Hank was so glad to find his friend he forgot his trouble and began to enjoy city life at once. It is always thus when the greenhorn first visits Chicago.

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Friendship of Man For His Like.

Have you watched a crowd of men in the rotunda of a city hotel; how they walk about peering into each other's faces, watching each new arrival, always hoping and looking for some familiar face among the countless strange ones? Then it is the words of the captain in "Dombey and Son" come to mind:

"Wal'r, my boy," replied the captain; "in the Proverbs of Solomon you will find the following words: 'May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!' When found, make a note of."

Above all things, above the love of money, or even the love of man for woman, is the love of man *for* man. Like seeks like and will not be content without it. The fellowship, the understanding, the sociability that men have for men, is everywhere noticed. In the old familiar walks, one may forget or grow careless, or be cloyed on this association, but let a man go from those he knows to a foreign city, and his eye will search and search the passing faces for a familiar physiognomy. He may meet one whom at home he liked little and the meeting will be as of the truest friends. They talk of the home folks, the home events, each hoping to gain from the other news he himself does not possess. They become

"Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspired."

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Oscar Who Lives In Davenport, Ia.

Oscar Wylie lives in Davenport. He is a steeple painter. Besides being a steeple painter, one who ascends aerial heights and wields his brush daintily, Oscar is something of a humorist. Recently he clambered 200 feet high, a mere knoll to him, and standing on the cross of St. Joseph's church-spire, he laughed boisterously besides singing a rag-time song. The pedestrians were amazed. There was a humorist worthy of cap and bells. Even Mark Twain, who is exceptionally funny at times, never shinned up a Catholic church steeple and stood aloft on the tip of the cross waving his arms in a sort of chanticleer braggadocio, while he warbled his wit. Artemus Ward, Josh Billings or Eli Perkins have not done as much. For something that titillates the risibles and makes a man fall in a fit like the unfortunate butler of the litterateur, who having killed his servant says "And since that time I never dared to write as funny as I can," Oscar gets the bun. To make the thing funnier and to perpetuate the dashing wit of this man, a photographer hurried to the scene, pointed his camera at the tiny humorist away up there on the cross-top, pinched the bulb and cried "All over." To Davenport yield the honor of having the funniest man extant. For the sake of the mothers and sweethearts at home, however, this "fool humorousness" should stop before somebody falls and lights hard.

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Why Should a Man Do It?

We never see a man playing solitaire but we are sorry for him. A man who, as the last alternative, turns to this game, demands sympathy. His life is a vacuum and he needs a rose to bloom in it. The rose may be a woman or a yacht, an automobile or a new jag of brains—he needs it. His soul cries out and his heart bleeds for it. There is no other possible reason why he should be playing solitaire. He will need building blocks next, if he doesn't watch out, or a set of dominoes. With books and papers so cheap he can buy them for a pittance, with the Holy Bible in the house and a "ten-twenty-thirt" play at the temple of Thespis around the corner, with progress and activity, sorrow and joy, all about him, with messages galore to be carried to Garcia and back again, how can a man play solitaire? We pause for a reply!

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Society vs. Immorality.

A Chicago judge, in giving his decision in a well known case recently, cited the fact that man may do some things and escape censure, while woman, for the same act, is condemned by society and made to feel an outcast. In other words, "Billy may be naughty, but Josie mus'n't!" In making the parallel the judge did not attempt to shield the man, whom he termed as immoral as the woman. He merely commented upon an existing evil of American society. Billy may pet soiled doves and pure ones provided they will stand for it, all in the same week, the same day or the same hour if he can make the exchange thus expeditiously. On the other hand Josie, having fallen, must stay under the ban. She is not accepted in so-called good society or in really good society. She is an outcast although she is no less moral than the man. Verily the ways of modern society passeth understanding.

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Even the Crank Does A Good Work.

There is much of error in this world, but as much more of truth and right. Some men see the error and become zealots; others choose to look upon the good and are optimists. Each has his mission. We are prone to belittling the former and pinnacling the latter. The zealous man, the reformer, wearies us by his magnifying of evils. We refuse to see through his glass darkly, and because of this we look down upon him, sniff at him or disregard him wholly. This man has a place in history. The great throbbing machinery of life needs alternating devices which in the river of life we might term "alternating currents." Zeal in a cause is admirable and while we do that in our soul we would not do in our calmer moments, yet to overdo is often better than to do not at all. Don't hurl moral and mental brickbats at the zealot. He may be a balance wheel to progress.

With the Plays and the Players

Sothern's Youth.

E. H. Sothern's acquaintance with Rowland Buckstone, who has been a member of his company for many seasons, began in an amusing way. His father was giving a children's party, and that all should be fresh and wide awake in the evening the youngsters were put to bed in the afternoon. When half asleep, Sothern was aroused by a small boy being placed beside him. To relieve the mutual embarrassment, each began to try to push the other out of bed. Which one succeeded Mr. Sothern does not recollect, but the stranger was Rowland Buckstone, a son of the famous comedian, and the acquaintance thus began soon ripened into a friendship which has lasted ever since.

Henry Woodruff's Success.

In her production of "Mary of Magdala" Mrs. Fiske has not only added to her already fine reputation, but she has materially advanced the standing in the profession of some members of her supporting company. Among others, the work of Henry Woodruff, in the role of Aulus Flavius, the young Roman patrician in love with the Magdalen, has drawn forth unstinted praise. In one powerful scene with the star, Mr. Woodruff may be said to have fairly stirred the house. It speaks well for Mrs. Fiske's genius and generosity that she is in no way jealous of the commendation bestowed on her confreres.

Henry Woodruff.

In St. Louis.

Miss Elsie de Wolfe was stopping at the St. Nicholas hotel and, according to her invariable custom, had retired to her apartments to enjoy an afternoon nap. In order to insure herself against interruption, Miss de Wolfe had placed a placard on the outer door of her suite. It read as follows:

"Do not knock at this door. Asleep. Go to No. ——"

The number given was that of her maid's room, and disturbing bell boys were thus kept side-tracked while the actress enjoyed her rest undisturbed. On the way through the corridor that evening, Miss de Wolfe's attention was arrested by a placard, at least three times the size of that which bore the warning legend on her own door during the afternoon. Her curiosity was aroused, and she paused for an instant to read the following inscription written by some facetiously inclined guest in mock imitation of her own:

"Knock any old time! Not asleep Only dreaming!"

One of Weber's Anecdotes.

"On one occasion, while playing through the West," said "Joe" Weber the other night, "we had booked a one-night stand in California to break a long railroad jump. After the first act I removed my make-up and went out to the box office to count up.

"Well, how is it?" I remarked, just by way of being agreeable to the young man who acted as treasurer for the house.

"'Fust rate,' he said, 'best of the season. Why, there's at least $80 in the house.'

"I didn't enthuse, which may have surprised him, but he finished making out the box office statement and passed it over to me for verification. In looking it over I discovered that he had made a mistake in addition, thereby crediting me with $1.15 more than my share of the receipts called for.

"'See here,' I said, 'you've made a mistake and given me too much. This $1.15 goes to the house.'

"'Oh, that's all right,' he said, 'you just keep it. I ain't stuck on the fellow who runs this opry house, anyhow.'

Told of David Garrick.

J. Fitzgerald Molloy, in his biography of Peg Woffington, tells many stories which illustrate the mercenary side of David Garrick's character—one of them sufficiently amusing to be repeated. Steele and Garrick were walking together, says Molloy, when the player lost a shilling. He groveled in the road for the coin until Steele, becoming impatient, asked:

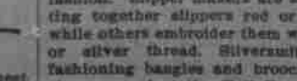
"Where can it have gone?"

"To the devil, I think," was the gruff reply.

"Ah, Davy, Davy," rejoined Steele, "you always could make a shilling go farther than any other man!"

The Big, Bold Hand of Sykes.

Jerome Sykes is a business man as well as an artist, he having large interests in a local commercial enterprise. That may account for the clear, businesslike style of penmanship he affects.



All Mr. Sykes asks when requested to sign his name—for noncommercial purposes—is a big sheet of paper, for his handwriting, like his personality and his sense of humor, is not a bit skimpy.

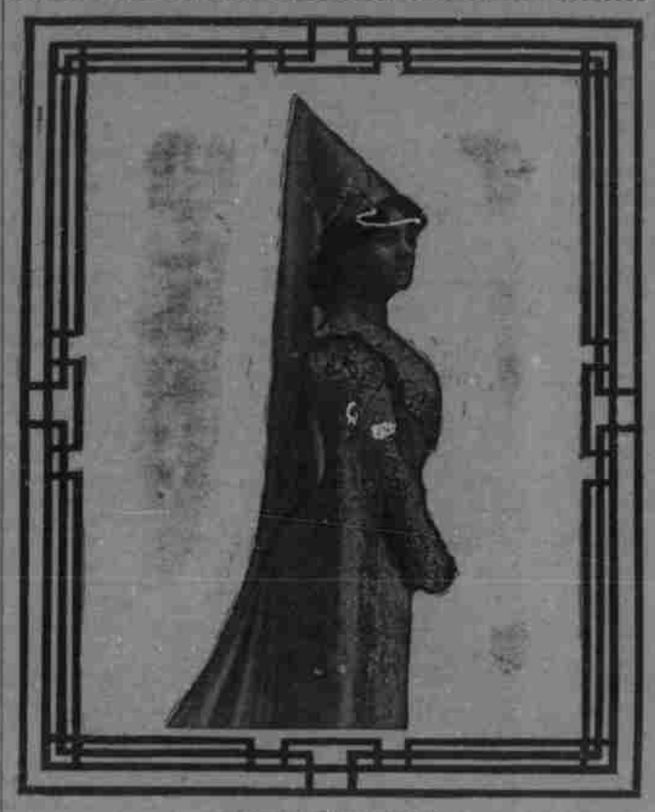
Greenroom Gossip.

George C. Tyler has sailed for England.

Ethel Barrymore has written a one-act play that she promises to give at the Georgia Cayvan benefit.

Mrs. A. M. Palmer was unanimously re-elected president of the Rainy Day Club.

Robert Drouet has been selected by Clyde Fitch to play the leading part in his newest play, "The Girl With the Green Eyes."



MARGARET ILLINGTON.

There are many pretty, not to say eloquent speeches in Mr. Sothern's "If I Were King," and it were useless to endeavor to print even a half of them. But an excerpt here and there from the book is a very good illustration of the quality of the whole. For instance, the speech of Villon, when he tells of his meeting with Katherine de Vaucelles, so charmingly portrayed by Miss Margaret Illington: "Well, I sprawled there in the dark with my knees on the cold ground, and all the while the sound of her beauty was sweet in my ear, and the taste of her beauty was salt on my lips, and the pain of her beauty was gnawing at my heart, and I prayed that I might see her again. And the incense tickled my nostrils, and the painted saints sneered at me, and bits of rhymes and bits of prayers gigged in my brain, and I felt as if I were drunk with some new and delectable liquor—and then she slipped out, and I after her. She took the holy water from my fingers."

Ancient City of Egypt

Street Scenes in Cairo, Strange to Western Eyes, Gorgeous in Their Vivid Colorings—Moslems in the House of Prayer.

(Special Correspondence.)

TO THE traveler, there is no more charming place in the world than the famous old Egyptian city of Cairo. More oriental than Damascus or Algiers or Samarcand; more fascinating than Geneva or Paris; immensely more romantic than London or Berlin; safer and more hospitable than Constantinople, a visit to Cairo is an experience of lasting charm. There is nothing in the world so romantic and wonderful as an Arab city; and of all Arab cities Cairo is the queen.

A day spent in Cairo is a new revelation of color and romance to the inhabitant of the West. Camels stream down from the Nile region with Nubians on their back, the coal-black faces of the men thrown into striking relief by their white turbans. Dreamy Turks, with their long pipes, smoke gravely on their ambling donkeys. Blind beggars plead for alms, invoking the blessing of Allah on all who show them mercy. Itinerant cooks, with portable kitchens, sell their eatables to customers who dine in the streets. Vendors of oranges with dusky faces and baskets piled with the golden fruit cry as we pass, "O, oranges, sweeter than honey." Sellers of water, clothed in costumes rich with eastern color, ply their trade, chinking their brazen saucers to give notice of their coming. Haughty pashas flash by, lounging in their victorias behind beautiful Russian horses. Ladies flutter to and fro like doves in their light-colored silk cloaks with soft eyes gleaming above the muslin veils which reach from the nose to the feet. Women of the poorer class move wearily onwards, clothed in their blue gowns, beneath which their limbs are clearly defined—some full of youth and grace and others bowing with the weight of years. The serpent charmer passes in front of you, and setting down his bag upon the pavement calls out his snakes to the music of his wailing reed. Next comes the sorceress with her chickens hidden in her breast and her cry of "Galla! galla! galla!" as they appear or disappear at the bidding of the dark enchantress. British soldiers of the army of occupation stalk proudly past to the music of their clinking spurs, and now the dusky crowd makes way for the carriage of Lord Cromer, before which the Arab outrunners dart gracefully along with their lithe limbs and richly-embroidered vests.

A striking panorama this, in the vision of which the European finds ample food for astonishment and wonder. Add to this the general sense of light and brightness and the exhilaration of an atmosphere more buoyant than you have ever breathed before.

There are few sights in the world more interesting than a walk through the labyrinth of lanes in Cairo where in their small open shops the people are following their several trades. The Moslem religion specially promotes industry by requiring that every man be acquainted with some art or occupation by which he may be able to support himself and those dependent on him, and fulfil his moral and religious obligations. The result is that Cairo abounds in interesting manufactures pursued in the very simplest fashion. Slipper makers are seen putting together slippers red or yellow, while others embroider them with gold or silver thread. Silversmiths are fashioning bangles and brooches and charms against the Evil Eye. Brass workers, with nothing more than a hammer or a nail are carving elaborate patterns on metal dies or bowls. Pipe makers are busy at their task, some of them producing wonderful things in the way of hookahs and nargilehs. Gunsmiths are forging long barrels and inlaying gun stocks with silver and ivory. Boys are making combs out of hard white wood. The turners of wood, whose chief occupation is that of making lattice work for windows and ornamental carved work for decoration, are very numerous and very skilful.

Closely associated with the manufactures of the working people of Cairo are the bazaars, in which they find purchasers for their products. The Oriental is for the most part a dreamy, dignified and contemplative being, but in the bazaar he wakes up into eager and vivid life. The bazaars of Cairo are justly famous for their color and their charm. They form a seemingly endless labyrinth of courts and arcades, some open to the sky, others under a vaulted roof through which the light falls softly—arcades long, straight, and broad, with modern shops; arcades narrow, winding and ancient, with dark recesses, where figures in turbans and long robes richly embroidered, squat among the merchandise thumbing the Koran or reciting prayers until some customer gains their attention.

The mosques in Cairo are about four hundred in number, some of them in ruins, but nearly all in daily use. They are always open and afford a cool, quiet retreat out of the glare of the sun and the noise of the public street. Water is provided at their portals for the dusty feet of the pilgrim, and a clean mat within on which he may kneel and pray with his face toward Mecca. Within their hushed walls, with no images to distract the mind and no ritual to enchain the senses, the devout worshipper may realize the presence of the Unseen. As hospitable to the beggar in rags as to the pasha in his silks, at all hours you will see men within them praying or reading the Koran, unconscious of any observers. None, who have witnessed it, can doubt the sincerity of Moslem worship. Their aspect and behavior in the mosque is that of calm and modest piety. The pride and fanaticism which they exhibit in common life, in their intercourse with inferior people, or with persons of a different faith, seem to be utterly laid aside on their entering the House of Prayer, and they appear wholly absorbed in the adoration of the Creator.

The most conspicuous object in Cairo, from all points, is the Citadel, built on a bold spur of the Mokattam range of hills, and commanding the whole city. On this coign of vantage stands the lovely Mosque of Mohammed Ali, one mass of gleaming alabaster, with slender pencilled minarets rising heavenward like lovely aspirations frozen into stone. To the right spreads the whole extent of the vast Arab city, pearl colored, with its wilderness of flat roofs, cupolas, minarets and gardens. Immediately beneath are two gigantic mosques, with their shadows, for the sun is sinking, cast far athwart the terraces of the citadel. In front, tinged with deepening gold, stand the glittering palaces of the Pashas, and the picturesque tombs of the Caliphs. Here and there an open space is visible, with groups of Orientals gathered in some ample square and camels slowly moving before the face of the buildings. Yonder gleams the aqueduct like a broad line of polished silver, while nearer the desert the fabled Nile sweeps on from south to north, fringed with bright verdure, and diademed with waving palms. Beyond these, on the dead gold of the yellow sands, tower the two gigantic Pyramids of Gizeh, with the red sun slowly sinking between them. Far off to the left rise the Libyan hills, overlooking the vast sweep of Lower Egypt, which smiles like a Paradise until its verdure dies as it touches the desert sands. And to complete the wondrous panorama, on those sands stand the crumbling Pyramids of Sakkara, skirted by the palm groves and glassed in the melancholy lake which marks the spot where Memphis, the capital of the Pharoahs, once flourished in its pride.

PYLON OF KARNAK.
(Thebes.)

To Combat "White Slave" Trade.

With the approval of the Minister of the Interior, the Austrian League to combat the white slave trade, will establish branches in all the important towns and frontier stations of Austria and take active means to suppress the traffic.

Railways in Germany.

The German government proposes the acquisition of six private railways in Prussia. The railroads of Germany are partly owned by the government and part by private companies.

The Origin of Clays.

Prof. E. R. Buckley in an address before the Wisconsin Clay Workers' Association, said:

It may be interesting to you to have me tell you something in regard to the origin of clays. I am very certain that many of you are familiar with this subject, but it will do no harm for me to make an attempt to place before you in a somewhat systematic manner the origin of clays. In this connection I will say that all clays, whether they occur along the lake shore, along some stream channel or under in central Wisconsin, in the vicinity of Eau Claire in the form of shales, or at Stockbridge and Oakfield in the form of shales, no matter where they occur, they are the result of the breaking down, the decomposition of igneous rocks, rocks which have been formed from molten material, solidified within or at the surface of the earth. It is supposed that all the earth first rocks formed were of igneous origin. We have two classes of rocks, the igneous and the sedimentary rocks. The sedimentary rocks have been derived from the igneous rocks largely, through the mechanical breaking down of the later rocks, and thus the sedimentary rocks, sandstone, limestone and slate which covers a large portion of Wisconsin are often spoken of as secondary; simply meaning by the term secondary that they have been derived from some other rock. If this should be carried still farther it might be said that the clays are sometimes tertiary rocks. They may be either tertiary or depending upon whether or not they have been derived directly from the igneous rocks. If they have been derived directly from the igneous rocks they will be secondary, and if they have been derived by the breaking down of the sedimentary rocks they may be known as tertiary. In this connection I speak of the clays as rocks from the fact that scientifically any accumulation of mineral matter, whether solidified or not, comes in under the head of the term rock, that is, the scientific application of the term rock.

Clays may be conveniently divided into two classes known as residual and transported. A residual clay is one that results from the decomposition of a rock in place. Take for example a thousand acres of land in the northern part of Wisconsin, covered with naked rocks, and let it be subjected to the atmospheric agencies for an indefinite term of years and you will have the rocks broken down into a loose earthy mass. The rain-water seeps into the rock and the breaking down of that rock simply means that certain constituent elements are separated from the minerals which compose that rock and are carried off by the underground water. That part of the rock which remains is known as a residual clay, provided the rock originally contains the clay constituent.

In a great many cases the small particles that have been broken from the different rocks which cover the surface of the earth are picked up by the water which flows off from the surface and carried into the streams and by them into the oceans, lakes or flood plains of the streams, and there deposited. These particles are sorted out according to their size and specific gravity, particles of like size and the same specific gravity being accumulated in one place.—Farmers' Review.

Gestation of Sheep.

Bulletin 95, of the Wisconsin Station, says: At the Experiment Station our service rams are kept separate from the flock during the breeding season and only turned with the ewes for a short time each day, during which, the shepherd or an assistant is on hand to note which ewes are in heat and which ones breed, consequently we have no difficulty in keeping an accurate record of the time of service of each ewe. Of 524 ewes that have been bred and dropped their lambs, the period of gestation has ranged from 140 to 156 days, and the greatest number, 113 ewes, or 21.6 per cent, dropped their lambs on the 146th day after service; the next greatest number, 81 ewes, or 15.5 per cent, dropped their lambs 147 days after being bred and 404 ewes or 77.1 per cent dropped their lambs between the 144th and 150th days after service. Only two ewes carried their young for more than 154 days, one yeaning 155 and the other 156 days after taking the ram, while only one ewe yeaned as early as 140 days after service. All three of these ewes gave girth to dead lambs, which would at least suggest that these extreme periods were abnormal. From the data here given, representing as it does the various breeds of sheep, we feel quite justified in stating that the extreme range of the normal period of gestation in breeding ewes is thirteen days beginning at 142 and extending to 154 days after service.

We may also safely conclude that the greatest number of ewes may be expected to drop their lambs at least six days earlier than was found by Tessier to be the case with breeding ewes in France. This difference may be accounted for, in part, at least, by the peculiar characteristics of the various breeds. Of the 33 pure-bred Southdown ewes 29 or 62.8 per cent carried their lambs less than 147 days and of the 8 pure-bred Merinos 6, or 75 per cent, carried their lambs over this period, while the Shropshire grades and the various crosses of Shropshires with Dorsets and Merinos occupy a middle position between the two above mentioned breeds. From this it would seem that the more compact and quick maturing the breed, the shorter the period of gestation, and vice versa. Since the Merinos are much longer in reaching their maturity in breeding as well as in growth and general development than either the Southdown or the Shropshire we might reasonably expect them to carry their young a longer time. This conclusion would serve to explain the longer period of gestation noted in France since practically all of the sheep of that country are of the Merino type.—Farmers' Review.